But tell me, where is princely *Richmond* now?
Chri. At *Pembrooke*, or at *Hertford* west in *Wales*.
Dar. What men of name resort to him?
Chri. Sir *Walter Herbert*, a renowned souldier,
Sir *Gilbert Talbot*, sir *William Stanley*,
Oxford, redoubted *Pembrooke*, sir *Iames Blunt*,
Rice ap *Thomas*, with a valiant crew,
With many more of noble fame and worth,
And towards *London* they doe bend their course,
If by the way they be not fought withall.
Dar Returne vnto my Lord, commend me to him
Tell him, the Queene hath hartilie consented
He shall espouse *Elizabeth* her daughter,
These Letters will resolue him of my mind,
Farewell. *Exeunt.*

Enter Buckingham to execution.

Buc. Will not King *Richard* let me speake with him?
Rat. No my Lord, therefore be patient.
Buc Hastings, and *Edwards* children, *Riuers*, *Gray*,
Holie King *Henry*, and thy faire sonne *Edward*.
Vaughan, and all that haue miscarried,
By vnderhand corrupted, foule iniustice,
If that your moodie discontented soules,
Do through the cloudes behold this present houre,
Euen for reuenge mocke my destruction:
This is All-soules day fellowes, is it not?
Rat. It is my Lord.
Buc Why then all-soules, daie is my bodies Doomesday.
This is the day that in King *Edwards* time
I wisht might fall one me when I was found
False to his children, or his wiues allies:
This is the day where in I wisht to fall,
By the false faith of him I trusted most:
This is all-soules day, to my fearefull soule,
Is the determined, despite of my wronges:
That high all-seer that I dallied with,
Hath turnd my fained prair one my head,
And giuen in earnest what I begd in iest.
Thus doth he force the sword of wicked men

To

To turne their points on th
Now *Margrets* curse is fal
When he quoth she, shall sp
Remember *Margret* was a
Come sirs, conuey me to th
Wrong hath but wrong, a

Enter Richmond w

Rich. Fellowes in armes,
Bruis'd vnderneath the yo
Thus farre into the bowels
Haue we marcht on witho
And heere receiue we from
Lines of faire comfort, and
The wretched, bloody, and
That spoil'd your sommer
Swils your warme blood li
In your imboweld bosome
Lies now euen in the cente
Neere to the towne of *Leic*
From *Tamworth* thither, is
In Gods name cheare on,
To reape the harueſt of per
By this one bloudie triall o
1 *Lor.* Euery mans conse
To fite against that bloudie
2 *Lor.* I doubt not but hi
3 *Lor.* He hath no friend
Which in his greatest need
Rich. all for our aduantag
True hope is swift, and flie
Kings it makes Gods, and

Enter King Richard, Nor

King. Heere pitch our te
Why how now *Catesby*, w
Cat. My heart is ten time
King. Norfolke, come hi
Norfolke, we must haue kn
Nor. We must both giue
King. Vp with my tent,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22320) LONDON, 1629 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arc